

THE GREAT SANDTOWN TURKEY THEFT

A Story of a Mean Man and a Mean Deed That Was Its Own Reward.

Noah Wamskittle was a mean man; one of those mean people who hate to see others prosper, even though it does not interfere with them at all. He lived in Sandtown, and raised turkeys, like everybody else. He earned a lot of money, because he fattened his turkeys well. It was his only generous deed, for he begrudged even the food that he gave himself, and as for others! Well, Deacon Vandertassel once said that Noah Wamskittle was so mean that he would walk three miles to borrow a match rather than use one of his own to light his pipe in the morning.

Noah Wamskittle did not like Deacon Vandertassel at all, and he liked him even less after he heard this. So some days before Thanksgiving day, he went to a poor man in Sandtown and said to him: "You know that we will all have to ship our turkeys to-morrow. Now, you have only 50 and if you do not get a good price for them you will be hard pressed for money this winter. Well, I know a way to make your prices higher for you. If you will go to Deacon Vandertassel's place with

twisting and turning, till Noah was nearly dead and only his great meanness kept him going. At last, scratched and bruised and full of mud, weary and suffering, he fell into a deep mudhole, which, strangely enough, had been avoided cleverly by poor but honest Bill. "Never mind," whispered Bill, helping him up, "we have arrived." Noah looked through the underbrush, but he could see nothing except a black mass of something in the darkness. "Those are the barns," said Bill. "Here, take this saw and saw holes into the walls there and I will creep around the other way and scare the turkeys so they will come out."

Noah, madder and meaner than ever, worked hard and sawed his holes, out of which the turkeys scuttled. Then, as Bill scared them up, off they flew into the woods until the whole big flock had vanished. As soon as the last one had gone, poor but honest Bill seized Noah and said: "You must hurry back and we must go the same way we came." "Oh, dear, oh, dear," groaned Noah



"I See It All," He Moaned.

me to-night we can cut holes into his turkey houses and let all his birds fly into the woods. He will be quite unable to catch them again in time for shipment, and the people in the city will be glad to pay you high prices for yours."

The poor man, whose name was Bill Leggo, made believe to agree with the mean man. But really he did not agree with him at all, for he came of poor but honest parents, and was very much like them himself. So he devised a cunning plan. That night he went to Noah's house and said to him: "Let us go to do this deed. But we will have to go into the woods just behind your house and work around through them for several miles, so as to approach the deacon's place through the underbrush in the back. It would never do for you to be seen."

"That is a good idea," said Noah. "But I do not know the way through the woods." "I will guide you," said poor but honest Bill. "I fear, however, that you will find it rough going, for we cannot dare to carry a lantern." He took hold of Noah's arm and off they went, up and down and in and out, through thick and thin and thorn and swamp, this way and that way.

THE FESTIVAL OF HOME. Thanksgiving Pre-eminently the Day of Family Gatherings. The good old New England festival of Thanksgiving is one that age does not wither nor custom stale. Originally, and still nominally, a distinctly religious festival, it appeals to all, whether old or young, whether professedly religious or not, and whatever may be their religious belief or convictions. To college boys and football teams the day may seem to be of special significance in reference to triumphs or disasters on the gridiron field, but even to these it carries another and deeper significance which will grow with the years. And to those of mature years, men and women past 40, for example, this gracious, time-honored festival serves to punctuate their

lives, so to speak, and marks the passage of years perhaps even more distinctly than New Year's day or birthdays. For Thanksgiving is pre-eminently the festival of home, the day of all others when home ties and associations assert their way the strongest, linking the present with the past and binding all to the future. All who are happy enough to have a home and heart turn gladly to it for rest and refreshment of body and mind, and whether present or absent from the home circle, that is the center and inspiration of their thoughts. Perhaps to none is the day more full of associations and memories than to those who cannot thus join the home circle. The toiler in the city or in the country, unable even for a day to quit his duties, still takes pleasure in thinking of those at home, and in imagination, at least, takes his place at the annual home gathering and shares the pleasure of the day.

INCognito. Rooster—For heaven's sake, Strut, old boy, what are you doing in that garb? Been in a wreck? Gobbler—Well, I've not so loud; you know it is not safe for me to be recognized this time of year.

THE UNTHANKFUL TURKEY.

"He's the impolitest turkey I ever hatched," said Mother Turkey, as she saw her youngest pushing his way fiercely among his brothers and sisters and cousins to get the best and the most of the meal. "You let me alone, won't you?" said the young turkey angrily. "I know what I'm doing! The girl who throws out the grain called a man to look at me, she did! Said I was the fattest of them all! So I am!" "It isn't a good thing to be too fat," replied his mother. "But I want you to improve your manners, I do. Why should you push every one aside to get the best for yourself?" "Because I want to be the fattest, and go for a trip," said her son. "The girl said, 'That one's nearly ready.' 'Aha, silly! You foolish creature, said Mamma Turkey, 'you're killed for Thanksgiving dinner if you're taken away.' 'Oh, you're old-fashioned,' said her son. 'And a little jealous because you're not noticed.'"

He chased two of his sisters all around the yard, until they were too out of breath to peck. Then he finished the last grain himself, and strutted about in pride. The next day a man came out with the girl who threw the grain. "Yes, he'll do," said the man, and he seized the turkey, who, strange to say, was a little alarmed and tried to run away. Besides, he did not like being carried upside down by his legs. Alas! His mother was right. Before long he found that he was to be a Thanksgiving dinner. And he wished that he had eaten less and been a better turkey. But wishes do not help us when we are reaping the reward of our deeds.

Farmers' Co-Operative Union Of America

The kickers, God bless them; keep them so busy that they won't have time to get into any devilment.

The good news of new unions still comes in every day. None are going out of business, and all are growing in strength.

The people are coming more and more to favor a graduated land tax. This is a drawing to the right division of what God gave his children at the beginning of things.

Just have to tell you again about planting some trees in the fence corners, so that you can get something out of the best land on the place without reducing the amount you put into cotton for yourself, your wife and children to slave over.

Say, brother, did you ever canvass the project of building a dam at the bottom of that useless hollow, so that you would have a nice fish pond for your own use? Fish is an easy crop to raise, and don't require near as much room as a cotton patch. Figure on an acre or two of good fish-patch.

Even the English and Scottish spinners are imploring Americans to pack their cotton in a more sensible way. They want it put up in smaller and more compact bales. The round bale is nearly an ideal package, but it seems that an American farmer shies at a round bale like a Mustang mule at an open barrel.

Don't let the little frictions shut out the clear view of what you are in the Union for. You got in for EDUCATION, CO-OPERATION and UNION. Don't let anything shut you off from a constant view of these original objects. You will find some little friction here and there, but it is only growing pains, and will all pass away with time. The Union can and will do in other departments what it has helped to do for the price of cotton. Only be patient. It takes time for the oak to grow, but so steady and so sturdy is the oak that it is taken as the highest type of strength. Take a lesson from the oak, and grow patiently, but strong.

It begins to look like the English spinners are dead in earnest about buying some of the land in this country with which to "break the Southern Cotton Trust." Already considerable land has been bought in Texas, and options are reported on other lands. They can make a profit over the average American farmer in the matter of packing alone that will justify raising the staple with hired help. Get busy at devising a better way to handle the cotton after it is out of the boll. The loss there is greater than the weevil loss.

COST OF COTTON. So closely does the following from Fort Worth Record track the sentiment and experience of Farmers' Union people, it deserves publication: "Through the custom of a long period of self-interested association with the cotton production of the South, certain interests in New York exert a wisdom about the crop which, in many cases, is utterly fallacious and treacherous. Recently a New York newspaper made the bold statement that

FARMERS' JOURNAL JOLTINGS. If all the tenant farmers in Texas were banded together in a covenant to vote for no man for the Legislature, no matter where he was from nor what his party might be, unless he were irrevocably committed to such legislation at Austin as would have the effect of bringing small homes within their reach, they would be joined in this demand by thousands of good-hearted farmers who have homes already.

The soil is here and the families need it. Why don't they develop it? What is keeping them from it? For whom did Mother Nature deposit this wealth in the soil? If she did not put it there for any one of her children who might dig it out, what sort of an old mother is she, anyhow? Mother Nature and her family would not have any trouble about the soil if it were not for the "black sheep" in her family.

Of course all the carpenters would vote for a graduated land tax. They would rather build a good farm house on each quarter section than little rent shacks stuck around back of the landlord's fields.

To buy up good land just because you are able, and hold it out of use until the sweat and toil of human beings make it valuable, is to commit the greatest of all economic crimes.

The split log drag is a good thing. Drag it along.

Salt a Luxury. Salt is the greatest luxury known in Central Africa. In some sections among the poorer inhabitants salt is never used. Even among the better classes a man who eats salt with his food is considered a rich individual. In some tribes where salt is not so scarce children are so fond of it that they may be seen eating it just as our children would eat pieces of lump sugar.

Sweet Girl. "And then, mind you," exclaimed Miss Passy, "he asked me if I wouldn't marry the first man that came along." "The idea!" remarked Miss Knox. "Don't those obviously unnecessary questions make you sick?"

Life's Struggles and Victories. And this is life—temptation, trial, struggle, conflict, possibly victory—the strenuous life! You cannot cowardly give it up. And you need all the help you can have, and the only adequate help is Jesus Christ—Heavenly King.

as cotton can be grown for five cents a pound, it is unreasonable for the producer to expect more than ten cents for it. "With this bit of unimpeachable wisdom the newspaper closes the discussion, fully conscious in its own mind, perhaps, that it had called attention to a fact which the Southern cotton planter had strangely overlooked, and having called attention to the fact, no more was to be said on the subject.

"It has long been admitted that the interference of New York interests in the cotton production of the South, has been one of the greatest menaces to the prosperity of the cotton planter, and not until the farmers combined, carefully calculated the conditions of the crop each year and fixed a minimum price at which the staple was to be sold, did there appear to be any way of escaping the dominations of Wall Street in the marketing of the crop. But when the farmers combined to stand together Wall Street began to rattle. Endeavor was made—with what degree of success it is not here the purpose to discuss—to get inside one cotton organization at least, whereby it might manipulate the market. But the real cotton growers, the men who raise the staple and have it to sell, could not be touched. They, better than anybody else, know how much it costs to produce a pound of cotton. And they know that that cost is more than five cents a pound. They know about the cost of producing a pound of cotton than any New York newspaper can ever know.

They know that every item entering into the production of a pound of cotton today is higher than it ever was before. It costs more to buy land, fertilizers, stock, implements, to pay for labor and to meet living expenses than it ever did before. The cost entering into the production of a bale of cotton today is almost double what it was ten years ago, and the farmer who bases his calculation on the five-cent cost theory is the farmer who stands to lose in the final sale transaction.

"It is true that the cotton which is sold for ten cents will pay the expenses of production and afford the farmer a living for his family, but the farmer is entitled to more than that, and it is not just for any newspaper or Wall Street to expect the cotton grower to be satisfied with mere actual expenses. The cotton grower is just as much entitled to a reasonable return on his effort, his time, his energy and his investment as the Wall Street broker is entitled to his profits. Yet the broker assumes to secure his own profit and to dictate to the farmer also what he shall take for his crop. The brokers would probably be shocked if the cotton grower should assume to tell them that brokers and business men should be entitled to no more than actual living expenses out of their business, and yet that is just the position assumed toward the cotton producers by people interested in the trade the world over."

If there be any class who is pre-eminently entitled to more than a bare living, it is the farmer, the producer. As for the classes whose usefulness is debatable, it is an open question whether they be entitled even to a bare living. Is any able-bodied person morally entitled to that which he does not earn by some useful service?

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU? That a true philosopher is beyond the reach of fortune.

That about as many people die from the effects of medicine as from disease.

That many a sermon, many a book, many a lecture, has been regarded as profound, when it was simply stupid.

That the world owes a heavy debt of gratitude to its "dreamers" and "visionaries," the "cranks" and "agitators."

That some women think more of millinery than morals, and many men exalt cash above character.

That in India female children are fed to the crocodiles, while in this country they grow up and are then given to lobsters.

That Luther Burbank would render his fame doubly secure and fill a long-felt want by evolving a variety of melons with handles on to carry 'em by—Farmers' Magazine.

In our efforts to figure out plans whereby the farmers might co-operate to their mutual advantage in selling and buying, we have so constantly run up against the inability of the dealer to co-operate in either direction that we often become discouraged, and feel that the first work should be to storm the legislature with a cry for homes for the homeless that would be heard.

A pious expression is a poor expression of piety.—Ram's Horn.

First Canaries in Europe. The first hint that can be found in Europe of the forerunners of our canaries who "discourse sweet music" to us in winter and summer alike, is in Spain, where we are told that in 1175 some specimens were brought by Henry, the navigator, on his return from one of his voyages, during which he landed at the Canary Islands.

Apple Preserved in Lime. A man in East Concord, N. H., recently unearthed an apple in a perfect state of preservation while digging in his yard. It was three or four feet under ground and imbedded in some slacked lime, which was probably thrown away when the house was built several years ago.

Church Gains, Etc. According to the year books of the denominations the per cent of gain in members for the year 1905 was as follows: Baptists, 2.20; Congregational, 2.20; Presbyterians, 2.20; Methodist Episcopal church, 1.50.

World's Temperance Lesson

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 25, 1906

Specialty Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Isaiah 5:1-25. Memory Verse 1. GOLDEN TEXT.—"I keep under my body and bring it into subjection."—1 Cor. 9:27.

THE Bible is a story of the redemption of man, following a time of great prosperity, had introduced a favored vice, luxury, idleness, and intemperance. Ahab began to reign about 880 B. C. He was a man of great power and wealth, and he was a man of great sin.

Our lesson committee directs us to read with this lesson 1 Kings 20:1-21. Here we have an illustration from history substantiating the words of the prophet before us, about the loss of temporal prosperity by one who indulges in strong drink. About 150 years before Isaiah gave the prophecy in Judah the Syrian king, Benhadad, had come with 32 tributary kings and a great army, to overthrow and capture the city of Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel. The Israelites, king, Ahab, seemed paralyzed with fear, and was ready to grant all that their conqueror demanded. But his elders counseled resistance, and Benhadad boasted that he would pour out upon Samaria so great a host of warriors that if each man were to take but a handful of earth, Samaria would be carried away. "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast himself, as he that putteth it off," was Israel's answer. The proud monarch, and his kings and generals, gave themselves up to drunken revelry, so sure were they of victory. By nighttime the besiegers' camp was a scene of wild debauchery. Then the Israelites, with only 232 young men at their head, rushed out and completely routed the hosts of Syria, and King Benhadad barely escaped with his life.

When Accompanying Intemperance. 1. Poverty.—Prov. 23:31; Isa. 5:15. 2. Disease.—Prov. 23:29. 3. Degradation.—Isa. 28:14. 4. Deification.—Dan. 1:8. 5. Weakness.—1 Cor. 9:25. 6. Mental disorders.—Prov. 20:1, 23:33; Isa. 5:20; 28:7. 7. Bodily death.—Isa. 5:14. 8. Remorse.—Prov. 23:32. 9. Separation from God.—Num. 6:24; Isa. 5:12. 10. Spiritual blindness.—Isa. 28:7; Dan. 5:13; Titus 1:7. 11. Spiritual death.—Hab. 2:5; 1 Pet. 2:11. 12. Loss of heaven.—Gal. 5:21; 1 Cor. 6:9, 10.

When Woe Will Fall. 1. The wicked.—Isa. 3:9, 11; 5:18; Micah 2:1. 2. Drunkards.—Isa. 5:11-14; 28:1; Prov. 23:29, 30. 3. Tempters.—Hab. 2:15. 4. The rebellious.—Isa. 30:1; 45:9. 5. The dishonest.—Jer. 22:13; Hab. 2:9, 12. 6. The false.—Isa. 5:20; Ezek. 13:3; Jude 10:11. 7. The indolent.—Amos 6:1. 8. The proud.—Isa. 5:21. 9. Oppressors.—Isa. 5:8; 10:1-3. 10. Those who hide from God.—Isa. 29:15; Hos. 7:13. 11. Hypocrites.—Matt. 23:13-16, 23:23. 12. Unfaithful pastors.—Jer. 23:1; Matt. 23:16. 13. Those who neglect opportunities.—Matt. 11:21.

Intemperance and Crime.—About 82 per cent of the convicts of the United States privately confess their frequent indulgence in intoxicating drinks. The fact here is to be declared boldly that the intoxicating effect of alcohol prepares the way for the commission of crimes of every kind.—Bible.

The Fall of Ancient Nations.—Historical records of the nations of antiquity are replete with proofs that the chief destroyer of national prestige was strong drink. Assyria was a nation of warriors, and its early characteristics of manliness, patriotism and morality were sapped by drunkenness and debauchery. She fell before Babylon and Media. Ere long drunkenness characterized the Median court, which fell before the wisest of the Persians. Babylon's fall is attributed in Scripture to the same vice (Dan. 5). Then Persia, weakened by wine, passed under the conquering hand of Alexander. But full soon this Greek hero was also overcome by intemperance.

Attractive Sin.—Sin as a caterpillar is bad enough, but sin as a butterfly is a thousand times worse. On every wing there is a rainbow of light and beauty. Sinners call the butterfly "a flying and flashing gem," "a flower of Paradise." But the butterfly is often a caterpillar beautified with wings. It is only a painted worm decked in a velvet suit and adorned with sparkling gems. If sin in its grossest forms be dangerous, what must be the unmeasured power of sin when it puts on the robe of beauty? Sin often wears the wings of wit, the wings of fashion, the wings of attractive names.—Rev. David Gregg, D. D.

Copper Popular. Copper is the smart material now, and it comes in such attractive guise that it is running silver a close race as favorite for wedding gifts.

There are copper candlesticks, copper trays of rare beauty and much usefulness, copper jugs and jars in odd and picturesque designs, copper chafing dishes, copper vases, copper lamps, copper incense burners and probably the smartest of all are the copper coffee sets, consisting of pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher on a tray. These are gold-lined.

Suggestion to Automobileists. An automobilist of great experience suggests that it is a good idea for the driver of a car to show his companion on the front seat how to switch off the ignition current in case the driver suddenly becomes incapacitated. By this simple operation the car can quickly be stopped, and the danger it is liable to do if it runs wild will be reduced.—Scientific American.

London Open-Air Meetings. London open-air meetings regularly built open-air pulpits from which there is preaching, and the results have been so good that other churches are considering the question of having such pulpits built upon the outside of their edifices.

It is not the upward gaze of ambition that makes men dizzy; it is the looking down on those who cannot climb.

There never yet was a diamond big enough to cut your name on the doors of Paradise.



NEW YORK.—Patrick F. Sheedy, long of Chicago, who makes no pretense of loving art for art's sake, is about to realize the dream of a lifetime by opening a picture gallery on West Thirty-fourth street. One of the attractions of his gallery will be an assemblage of old and modern paintings collected by "Jack" Carr, who recently passed from this life at Copenhagen.

These works of art were supposed to have been acquired by their owner in an entirely innocent manner. There are a hundred or so of them, and the last one was obtained 23 years ago, according to Sheedy. They, however, have been kept from the public eye so long that questions of titles are not likely to be raised. The fact that such an artistic treasure trove existed in Europe was pointed out in a cable dispatch from Paris.

Sheedy has been in communication with the present owners and when they deliver the paintings in New York he will be able to make satisfactory arrangements for their disposition.

These canvases will not constitute the entire stock, for the famous painting which the noted amateur, who has now become a professional collector, has acquired, will also be on view. Two hundred other art works, some of them from the brushes of old masters and a few now innocent of varnish, will be displayed.

It was through the mediation of Sheedy that the famous Gainsborough of the duchess of Devonshire, which was stolen, was recovered in Chicago and returned to its owner.

"Men change their opinions," said Sheedy, "but not their principles. I am no reformer and I do not have to proclaim my honesty. I am still Patrick F. Sheedy, the hand, the hand, the hand of the Gospel. I've gone through life looking for the good in what might be termed the bad people, and not looking for the bad in what might be termed the good people. "Anybody can buy a picture from me with impunity, and no one will get arrested for doing so. I'm not one of those dealers who will say: 'It's all right, but don't say you got it from me.' I have been preparing for this business now about 20 years, and I will have something here well worth looking at."

"Many of the novices have plenty of money to spend, but having no training in art, they do not know how to do it. For the benefit of the uninitiated I have gathered some small collections which will be placed in rooms so that they may be studied with reference to the furnishings. One who sees pictures in such circumstances will be able to tell at a glance whether or not the works will harmonize with white and gold interiors. If they don't, they can see the effect in some other color."

Americans occupied chairs near the reading desk in the lecture hall, while behind them were 400 students, who energetically cheered Prof. John W. Burgess when he entered and applauded every reference to President Roosevelt. At the opening of the preceding Prof. Burgess read a letter from the president.

As a teacher and as a writer of American history Prof. Burgess is well known. It was in response to a letter from President Roosevelt which Prof. Burgess read that Emperor William proposed three cheers for the American president. The general title of Prof. Burgess' lectures at the University of Berlin is "The Constitution and Constitutional History of the United States."

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QUICK ACTION

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No. 89, Cannon Ball.....	2:30 a. m.
No. 90, Cannon Ball.....	3:15 a. m.
No. 91, Cannon Ball.....	4:00 a. m.
No. 92, Cannon Ball.....	4:45 a. m.
No. 93, Cannon Ball.....	5:30 a. m.
No. 94, Cannon Ball.....	6:15 a. m.
No. 95, Cannon Ball.....	7: